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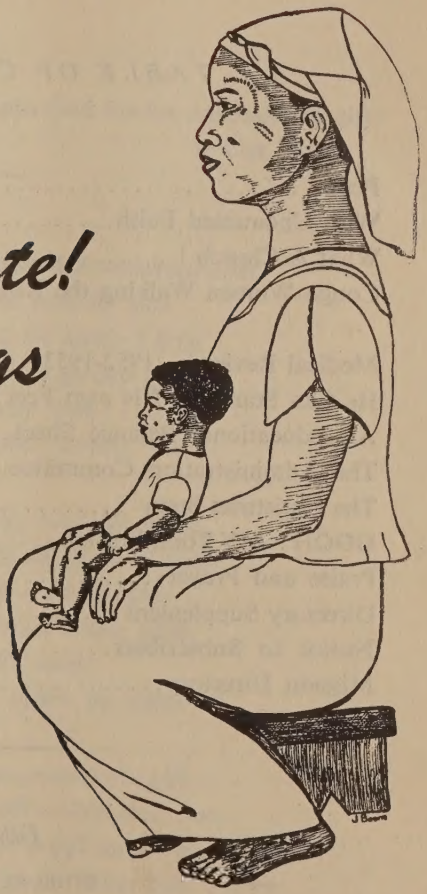

# Congo News Letter

OCTOBER 1953

# CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLIV October 1953 No. 4

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# ift

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."
II Cor. 9:15.

*Thanks be to God for His wondrous gifts*
*Given to bless and ennoble man.*
*His gift of gifts is the lovely Christ*
*Who came to earth as the Son of man.*
*God's only Son.*
*His perfect Lamb.*

*He left His kingly, heavenly home*
*To walk for awhile the paths of earth.*
*He came a babe in a stable cave;*
*Angelic heralds foretold His birth,*
*Gloriously sang:*
*"Peace, peace on earth!"*

*God gave a precious, wonderful gift —*
*His unspeakable gift — His dear Son.*
*Jesus gave His life, a gift for friends.*
*What gift have I given? What have I done*
*For the only God*
*And kingly Son?*

— JANET BOONE

# *WITH UNDAUNTED FAITH*

OUR Christmas message to you is contained in the following pages, which tell you something of what has taken place during the past year and something of what our hopes are for the future, as brought out for discussion at our Conference. As you read these pages, could anything more truly reveal to you that a Lord and Saviour was born two thousand years ago, Who lived and died and rose again in order that the whole world might know the love of God, and turn to Him for salvation, which alone can satisfy their restless longings ?

When we took as our theme, "With Undaunted Faith", we realized that it was only so that we could face the future. As you read many times over in the articles, that the work to be done is great, but the workers too few, you will understand that we could not carry on except with undaunted faith in our Lord to continue to cause His will to be done on earth and His Kingdom to come, bringing peace on earth and good will to men. Only His power is able to overcome all the obstacles which seem to be in the way. Our hopes and desires are great; sometimes we progress blindly, but when we know that we are following His will, we continue with undaunted faith, knowing that with Him there is victory waiting for us. We have abundant cause for praise to God, as you will see on page 29, but we are not contented; we want to keep on asking and believing that God will abundantly answer our prayers and provide for our needs.

Christ's birth will be celebrated with great joy wherever He is known. Here in Congo there is less pomp and material manifestation but there are thousands of Congolese who rejoice that He did come, for they cannot help but recall what it was like a little more than half a century ago when the Christmas story was known to so few. Truly many miracles have been enacted since then, and the Christians of Congo greatly rejoice because Christ came to their country, bringing them love and freedom from fear.

Our hope is that in the next half century more miracles may be performed by making the Church of Christ in Congo a strong

beacon of light, which will show that the Saviour who came o Bethlehem is the Source of their strength and with undaunted aith will bear the responsibilities which now are on the shoulders of the missionaries.

*The race that long in darkness pined*
*Have seen a glorious light;*
*The people dwell in day, who dwelt*
*In death's surrounding night.*

*To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!*
*The gathering nations come,*
*Joyous, as when the reapers bear*
*The harvest treasures home.*

*To us a Child of hope is born,*
*To us a Son is given;*
*Him shall the tribes of earth obey,*
*Him all the hosts of heaven.*

*His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,*
*For evermore adored,*
*The Wonderful, the Counsellor,*
*The great and mighty Lord.*

*His power increasing still shall spread,*
*His reign no end shall know;*
*Justice shall guard His throne above,*
*And peace abound below.*

— JOHN MORISON, *Scottish Paraphrases.*

# *WHAT A CHURCH!*

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

"*What a church you have in America!*"

THIS was the final comment of one of the four delegates to our conference this year. I have never worked so hard in conference before, for most of the time, Jean Lubikulu, our pastor at Leopoldville was on one side of me and much of the time, Colon Kapini, the delegate from Vanga, was on the other side. They needed and wanted help in translating and understanding everything. It took extra special timing to hear everything and pass it on to the two of them. And when they wanted to agree — or disagree — with the speakers it was usually for my private ear. Several times they stood up to speak, too, and always to the point, but more than once we lost our place in the meeting because of their comments.

When we tried to decide what we would need in the way of repairing and building this next year, they got very worried. "Won't the churches in America be disgusted with you for asking for so much?" "Go easy, or they won't grant anything." And we thought our requests this year were very mild. When we tried to decide upon a policy for missionary vacations they were very vehement. "You ought to take a month a year. And when you go don't take work with you." "But where can we go? And who wants to have so long? And why can't we just take our vacations at home?" The answers were firm: "You *have* to, or you will all be sick. And even if you are just taking it easy at home, people will come, and because you are you, you will help." They couldn't be quieted.

When we tried to settle the problem of staffing, they were most concerned. And then it was that I began to think — what a church we are beginning to have in Congo! Even now we missionaries are apt to think only of our own work and station. A people new in the church and the Kingdom of God could not be blamed too much for some narrowness. All the men are carrying heavy loads on their stations. They know perhaps more than

nyone else how much more staff is needed. And yet never once id I hear them say that their own stations must have some more iissionaries at another station's expense.

We had two builders to place. Both men kept saying to me, But you can't send them both to the Kwango. Sona Bata needs ne for their new school." Neither man came from Sona Bata, ither. When it was almost decided to put an experienced evan- elistic family here at Leopoldville, the Leopoldville pastor was ery upset — "It would leave another church without a strong eader at the very time when they are beset by enemies without nd troubles within." Vanga has wanted and needed its secondary chool for a long time. And they need a couple for it. Yet Kapini aid more than once that they had no right to ask for help this year.

*Vhat a church we are going to have in Congo !*

When we were talking about how many of our normal school ien have left the work, Kapini stood up to say that one way to eep them in the work was to give them a lot to do. "There is so iuch I have to do at Vanga, and so much more that I see that I hould be doing, that I never have time to think about leaving." Ve could all appreciate his statement, for we know what he is oing.

We tried to come to some agreement on when workers hould be allowed to leave work, for left to himself, the Congo- ese always has someone sick or dead, which demands his attend- nce. Aunts and mothers, fathers and uncles, cousins and broth- rs and sisters, sometimes the relationship is confused but the fami- y duty is real. Lubikulu stood up, when asked, to say that the Congolese family and the European family are two different terms. And his verdict was — "We must learn that our work is import- nt, and so must adjust these other matters." He mentioned riefly — and I remembered vividly — his time of tragedy last December, when day after day word came of the successive deaths f sisters, cousins, nieces and nephews on both his wife's side and is own. Never once did he ask to go to his village; indeed, he never old me about them until he had made all arrangements and sent ll his messages. It was Christmas time, and he is pastor, and he ad set a high standard for himself.

*What a church is growing here in Congo!*

And not only among its leaders. Thousands are pushing their way into the church. Children, young people, adults. Each station is in a different stage of development. Many are the struggles and growing pains. All are moving and growing. Vanga is struggling with its numbers and vast energy. Sona Bata has the encroachments of the Salvation Army. Leopoldville has the evil city to battle. The other stations find their places in between. And all along the line we find advances, and pleas for more workers for the greater, more comprehensive harvesting, more pastors, more teachers, more medical workers.

We never minimize the work of our churches at home, especially as we work together here in Congo. What delights us are the signs of growth we see in our Congo church, a growth which we hope is worthy of the efforts of the senior churches.

It can now be said "What a church we have in America!"

And can soon be said —

*What a church we have in Congo!*

All signs point to — Soon.

---

## *Thy will, not mine*

*Make me as eager and intent*
*To do Thy will for me,*
*As I am to obtain consent*
*For what I will from Thee!*

— ELIZABETH PATTON MOSS
*from the Christian Century*

# CONGO WOMEN WALKING THE KING'S HIGHWAY

SUSIE D. BROWN

THERE is no more familiar sight in Congo than that of the woman on the path, — baby astride the hip or tied with a strong cloth in pick-a-back fashion, and a huge basket of manioc or water gourd balanced on her head. The stateliness of her carriage as she finds her barefoot way day after day back and forth from garden or spring to her village home of mud and thatch can never be forgotten. But these are days when she is venturing forth on many heretofore unknown roads. Many, far too many, continue to travel the little crooked paths that in the darkness and fear lead to the fetish house. Some with flaunting boldness ignore the warnings of their hearts and of Christian friends and set forth on the broad road that entices with plush robes and glittering rings. Some others, thank God, have entered the King's Highway through the straight gate and are finding with us that, though narrow is the way, it does lead to Life. During Conference days we talked much of these and also of the unnumbered throng whom we yearn to join us on the Pilgrim Road.

While fraught with all the obstacles and difficulties such as Christiana discovered as she set out upon the Way, we do note with thanksgiving the progress made this year. Wherever a missionary has been able to give her time for individual teaching, the Laubach Literacy Method has proved that the women too may be people of The Book. God has blessed patient, prayerful persistence so that now opposition is giving way and many more girls are now in our schools. Banza Manteke reports 286 girls in their schools on the station. Going on from there, our oldest station, a quick glance tells us that each of our other stations has enrolled increasing numbers of girls this last year. The record of Boko, our baby station (in point of missionary residency) is one of the remarkable triumph of prayer, planning and hard work. A year ago, Miss Shepard told how she had been able to persuade 18 girls to come from their incredibly heathen villages. This year

their group has grown to 56 ! One of the six families who went out after two years at the *Institut Biblique* is now at Boko. The wife, Thérèse Ngonzo, is a woman of unusual ambition and ability and is now exerting a strong influence on these girls to whom the story of the love and power of Jesus Christ is still so new. It is thrilling to know that these future wives and mothers from the many areas and tribes of our Mission are learning the habits and thinking of those who are Christians and best of all are brought to the decision of accepting personally the Saviour who alone can give them new hearts and then enabling them to walk the high road of truth and purity.

High hopes and the vision of Women's Conferences on each of our Stations became reality this year and has been the outstanding new experience in our effort for a definite Christian Home program. There were naturally varying degrees of success in response, both in numbers attending and in comprehension of the plan for subsequent monthly meetings at the Church centers, under the direction of these Christian women themselves. But we thank God that a start has been made and we rejoice as more and more women find the joy of sharing their experience of salvation with others through verbal testimony and the witness of homes where His Lordship is recognized in everyday living. It is such a *new* way and many hesitate and stumble. They need our steadying love and encouragement, but there are victories too. Let Moanza tell their own story of the gatherings; —

"And what more shall I say? For time would fail me to tell of the joyous lay workers gathering we had last December with a group of women, two from each church center. The Women's Institute was held at Moanza, November 2 to December 8, concluding with a family day service. It seems to us that no group for some time past has taken such joyous interest. The response in the district has been encouraging. At Moanza the average attendance each month at the women's meetings has been 250 and in the district the attendance has varied from twenty at small posts to 280 at the more active centers. The lay women themselves who attended with the pastors' wives seem to be taking as much part now at their meetings as the pastors' wives themselves." Four Lay Leadership Institutes were held in the Banza Manteke

field, during which there were directed and lively discussions of relationships in a truly Christian home. The same subject has been emphasized at the special yearly church gatherings (*matondos*). A climactic ceremony has been the candlelight service when, together, the Christian husband and wife hold a lighted candle and make their public declaration, "We, in our home, will serve the Lord." To what degree that declaration becomes true partly depends upon each of us missionaries and how Christlike we are and how victorious we are under stress and testing and how much time we *take* for the personal talks with them when they need us. To what degree does it depend upon *you* to give time for intercession and to give *your son* or *daughter* in this critical day in Congo ?

## *MEDICAL REVIEW 1952 – 53*

CARRIE SPRAGUE

LUKE 9:2. "*And he sent them out to preach the kingdom of God and to heal.*"

THUS we were sent out and again to this end we have striven in our medical work during the past year, as on each of our stations we have tried to heal the sick and preach the gospel of Christ our Saviour. Only God knows to what extent we have succeeded or failed. And it seems that on each of the stations there has been no dearth of sick people. Neither has there been a dearth of blessings nor discouragements. So lets take a quick look at the medical work as gleaned from the station reports to conference.

At Banza Manteke "we were able to maintain our rural dispensaries and baby clinics despite the loss of three graduate nurses and two *aides- infirmiers*. The work at the Leper Camp continues with a very faithful and fine Congolese staff. Ngombe was one of our backward villages where dirt and superstition ran rampant. It has changed completely. On one of the visits the nurse and his wife had had 30 deliveries in addition to a large general work. May our nurses indeed continue to help spiritually and physically."

This was an important year in the history of protestant med-

ical mission work in the Congo as the new cooperative *Institut Medical Evangelique* was officially opened at Kimpese to give Congolese higher medical training than was previously available in our protestant mission hospitals. And what a magnificent beginning has been made in that direction. Already staffed with two doctors, three missionary nurses, and a builder, there are many fine buildings, a student enrollment of 55 nurses and 15 nurse's-aides, a bed capacity of 100 filled most of the time and running over onto the floors. Surgery has grown by leaps and bounds and they now average 125 operations a month. The obstetrical service is also developing slowly.

In marked contrast to the above situation at Kimpese, we have Boko still without a medical missionary and a non-medical missionary has had to take the responsibility of a variety of medical emergencies and as she reports "has had to guess with the aid of a book or two just what treatments should be given — and always there is the haunting fear that because of our lack of knowledge we may be hurting the patient more than we are helping." But in spite of discouragements, she writes — "we think of our grass ward usually full of at least 30 in-patients recovering from pneumonia or bronchitis or childbirth. We think of the lepers that come in each 14 days to get injections. We think of the boys who won't have to go to heathen initiation camps because with the help of Sona Bata doctors they were circumcised at Boko. We remember the many little "red" children at times so feeble from the anemia caused by lack of proper nourishment and from intestinal parasites that they can no longer stand. Though some have died, having come too late, others are now strong and apparently healthy because of the help we've been able to give. And we think of the babies — an average of 70 a week who come in regularly to the baby clinic and who because of malaria preventative and the constant check on illnesses are healthy and happy and bouncing. And we remember that the only contact most of these mothers have with the mission and the story of the Christian way of life is through hearing the "Good News" at the baby clinic sessions — then we feel that perhaps we are accomplishing *something* after all."

At Kikongo there is rejoicing because of the completion of

the first permanent hospital ward, examining room and surgical scrub room. Because of the "rather wide-spread movement to get rid of fetishes," there have been more patients coming to the hospital for treatment. Also there has been an increase in the number of obstetrical cases. The baby clinic work continues to be very strong, 985 babies having been cared for last year. There is an urgent need of a new maternity unit.

At Leopoldville "both the dispensary and baby clinic have grown immensely in their outreach." The baby clinic has grown to 330 babies and in June of this year 815 patients were treated in the dispensary which is 300 more than in June of last year. "Mattie is still our beloved mother and doctor."

It has been a busy and happy year at Moanza. The kitchen-laundry-utility unit is nearing completion. The nurses have shown a fine spirit. They have "specialized in difficult obstetrical cases. Fractures are the rule rather than the exception." Dr. Osterholm made several medical visits to Moanza this last year, doing 78 major and 17 minor operations. Concerning the daily prayer services held at the hospital, "we sew the seed in many pagan hearts and pray the Master of the harvest to water and bring the increase."

Dr. Osterholm has again had a full and busy year at Vanga. He reports 22,953 cases treated in the dispensary, 3,377 in the hospital and 6,912 pre-natal consultations with 619 deliveries. Two well-baby clinics were supervised and three medical visits were made to both Moanza and Kikongo. "We were happy to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Walker into our medical circle and general mission work."

Sona Bata has continued to have a busy hospital with the beds filled most of the time and the surgical, obstetrical and out-patient departments along with the rural dispensaries and leper colony keeping its staff well occupied. When the classes of student nurses gradually departed for Kimpese to continue their training there, it was necessary to begin the training of a class of 18 young men as *aides-infirmiers* to take their places. We were sorry to lose the Tuttles in February to Kimpese, the Walkers in June to Vanga but we were glad to welcome the Freases to our staff in May. Our group of seven graduate nurses have shown a fine and co-operative spirit.

# *HE CAN STAND ON HIS OWN FEET*

B. W. Armstrong

THESE words were spoken to me by an African mechanic. He works in a little garage near our mission here in Leopoldville West. Several months ago he had told me about his little boy who was born lame. I judged from the description that he might get some help at the new union hospital at Kimpese. Dr. Price, when in Leopoldville, had examined the child and decided that something could be done for the boy, whereupon the mother had taken him to the hospital, prepared to stay for several months.

Our old Chevvy had one of its periodic coughing spells, so I went to the garage with it. The African mechanic came around, all smiles. He had been to Kimpese and was there when they took off the casts and let the little boy try standing up. He can not yet walk, that is still in the future. But the little fellow had been able to stand alone once he got the hang of it. Tears of gratitude flowed from the eyes of both the father and me as he said the words, "He can stand on his own feet". This is only one of the many miracles of modern medical science being enacted at I.M.E.

The name of the new institution is *Institut Médical Evangélique*, more commonly known by its initials I.M.E. Whether one gives it the English pronunciation Eye-me, or the French Ee-meh, or says kipitalo (hospital) or nzo bilongo (house of medicine) it is still the same place and rapidly becoming as famed as the older mission hospitals. The institute includes the medical training school which was formerly at Sona Bata.

We were honored with an invitation to the inauguration. The Belgians have an idiom "All the world is here" and it seemed to be almost true that day. There were eighty white folk and many hundreds of Africans. A very nice speakers' platform had been erected, protected from the hot sun by palm fronds. Flags and bunting added color to the occasion. Government officials, doctors, the director of the Native Welfare Fund, the missionary chairman of the Board of Directors, and an African chief whose coat outdid Joseph's in color, all made their little speeches

of praise for the new work. Dr. Tuttle gave a resumé of the whole project from the time when it was only an idea up to the present when it is a community with about eighty buildings, a water supply, a twenty-five kilowatt light plant, and swarms of patients. The Native Welfare Fund gave a goodly sum to get it started and to equip the main buildings; special gifts from home, some help from the state medical service, and appropriations from the five cooperating missions have all gone into the new plant.

After the speeches, the visitors were conducted around the whole place: hospital buildings, the shop, the homes for our missionary nurses, the homes for the student nurses, and the doctors' homes. The latter will eventually be used for the permanent African staff but the doctors and builder have been so busy doing the building to care for the Africans that they have not yet put up houses for themselves. The two missionary doctors, Dr. Price of the Baptist Missionary Society of England, and our own Dr. Tuttle took some of the distinguished guests through the operating room, wards and class rooms. Perhaps the most interesting thing of all was to see the crippled children who are being helped to a normal life through the finest medical and surgical skill and great loving kindness. There were those still in casts, some who had graduated to braces, some who could begin to walk with crutches, and those who were almost ready to go home, able to run and play like other children. The tour ended up at the building which will one day become a maternity ward, but which at present is used as a chapel. For the day it had been converted into a temporary dining room. A lovely lunch was served which was enjoyed by all.

Five missions are cooperating in this new venture, and it promises to be a great success. The missions are the British Baptists, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, the Swedish Evangelicals, and our own society. So far we have the two doctors mentioned above with their wives who are both trained nurses, with two other nurses, Miss Klintemo from the Swedish society and Miss Hess from the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Mr. Edwards of the British society superintends the building work, and his wife and son give

full time service too. Three African graduate nurses are on the staff too. One of the great needs is for a hospital administrator. If any of you who read this wants a very hard job with maintenance pay, please apply. Of course you would have to have a lot of qualifications in order to get the job, but you could try. As I said, the pay is only maintenance, or hand to mouth. But things tend to even up. After all, it is worth something, quite a lot in fact, to have the father of a little crippled boy speak through tears of gratitude and happiness and say, "He can now stand on his own feet."

## *AN EDUCATIONAL BALANCE SHEET*

MARGARET JUMP

ANOTHER year has passed, and as all good accountants do it is time to balance the books. And so at our conference at Sona Bata, the missionaries who are engaged in educational work had to make their reports and draw up their balance sheets too. It wasn't a very easy job; balancing books never is. And in schools where we deal not only with figures but with boys and girls, with teachers, with buildings, with programs and text books, it is even more difficult.

Assets and liabilities. To list all of them would require much time and thought, but as we listened to the reports from the various stations there were some which attracted our attention. And it is these which we would put on our balance sheet now.

A very tangible asset this year is the addition of new buildings for our educational work — the completion of the Homemaking school, and the beginning of the high school building at Banza Manteke,the construction of the girls' dormitories at Sona Bata, a two-room school building at Boko, the auditorium and second classroom at Bible Institute, the new primary school building, six-room school for monitors, and the beginning of the new high school at Kimpese. All these added to our efficiency and to our ability to provide for the educational needs of our Christian young people.

But on the liability side we must write down the lack of even one permanent school building at Kikongo, the double shifts necessary on many of our stations because we must crowd too many

classes in too few rooms, and the non-existant dormitories for boys and girls which means that those accepted must crowd into tiny mud and thatch buildings, and that many more cannot be accepted but must return to their villages where they will have no chance to go to schools.

Another asset which we can count is the number of young men who are finishing our teacher training schools and going out to teach either in regional schools or on our stations. This number increases each year, and the young men are better prepared for their work. Because of substantial grants from the government it is possible to pay higher salaries than we could do previously, and more of the young men continue as teachers rather than seeking other more remunerative positions. The teacher training schools at Banza Manteke, Sona Bata, and Vanga supply a very real need. Kimpese continues to give us well trained and consecrated men. And now that the secondary school is under way there we can look for even better things. But we must still consider it a liability that all too many of our regional school teachers have had no preparation above primary school, and that despite the fact that we have been able to increase salaries, too many of our trained men still leave us. Further increases in salaries are only a partial answer. There must be more consecration too.

To forget to include on our balance sheet the contributions made to our educational work by the Bookstore and Printing Press at Leopoldville would throw our accounts way out of balance. For through LECO we are able to supply our schools with the necessary books, slates, pencils, and pens. And because of government help we have more funds to use for supplies. It is difficult to run a school with no books and not enough slates to go around. A very big asset this year was the Educational Conference at Kimpese. At that time we agreed on text books to be used in our Kikongo speaking schools and we coordinated our school programs. This will make it considerably easier to prepare the materials necessary and to write and print text books. Too often there has been duplication of effort as several missionaries worked on the same books. The liability column here carries the lack of funds for the printing of manuscripts already available, and the lack of missionary staff to do the work as well as it should be

done. It is not easy to sandwich the writing of text books in between classes and correction of papers, and preparation of lessons, buying manioc, making uniforms, and all the other tasks which make up a missionary school director's life. But it is being done. LECO is handicapped too because of lack of funds. It is not possible to keep large stocks on hand and sometimes it is necessary to wait for several months for a shipment of much-needed slates or notebooks.

Our biggest asset is the number of students we have. They are eager to come, hungry for an education. It was necessary for Banza Manteke to accept two sections of the first year high school. Sona Bata has more girls than boys enrolled in the station school this year. Kimpese is overflowing. Leopoldville has increased its enrollment. Fifty-six girls came to school at Boko in comparison with 17 last year. Kikongo, Moanza, and Vanga all have more students than they can care for. The boys and girls want to come. They want to learn. They want to know Christ. Most of them become Christians before leaving our schools, and many of them continue as teachers, nurses, and pastors. A very large number of students want to enter Bible Institute this year. There are over fifty young men from Vanga who want to write the examinations for the normal school at Kimpese. A large number would like to enter the Medical School at Kimpese. And here is the liability in this account — too many will be turned away because there isn't room for them.

Our biggest liability is lack of missionary staff — no one to begin church and school work in the new sections of the native city at Leopoldville, no one to staff the much-needed secondary school at Vanga, no one to open a teacher training school at Kikongo, not enough staff to carry all the courses needed at Kimpese, no one to open manual training schools for all the boys who have finished primary school and have no place else to go.

Did we say the biggest asset is the number of students ? We should have said that it is the second biggest. For the greatest is our confidence — our confidence in our Heavenly Father Who called us here, Who has opened so many doors in the past few years, and Who will open more, and call others to enter too. It is also our confidence in you — that you will respond.

# THE ADMINISTRATION COMMITTEE

VIOLA L. SMITH

IF you were to go to Conference, what committee would you choose to work on? Or would you be glad, as I was, that the Program Committee saved you the agony of trying to choose and assigned you to a committee? With every phase of the work being of vital interest, one wants to attend all the committees, which is obviously impossible. This year more than any other, a large part of the conference business was transacted in the committees and the conclusions brought to the conference floor for decision.

But the Administration committee had on its agenda the question which takes precedence over all the others in the amount of time, thought and prayer spent on it... the designation of the missionaries.

Each year brings heartache and disappointment, because the number of missionaries is so small and the amount of work so far beyond our powers. Two years ago, discouraged because of the impossibility of adequately staffing the stations with the missionaries available, we covenanted to meet together daily at our various stations, to pray that the Lord would send us twenty new missionary units within the next two years. What rejoicing and gratitude were expressed this year as we counted up the number who have been appointed in the past two years and found that the Lord had abundantly answered our prayers. Now we shall pray with increased zeal that the remaining number so sorely needed may be appointed within the next two years. We estimated in 1950 that thirty-nine additional missionary units were needed to *carry on the work already established.*

One would think that the question of designations would be easily settled this year; had not our prayers been answered? No, even though the missionaries had been appointed by the Board, they were not yet all on the field, and after their arrival on the field there will be language lessons for another two years, and learning to adapt oneself to living conditions in the tropics and lessons in understanding of a people with a different background. Instead of being able to dispose quickly of the question, more than a

quarter of the entire conference time was spent in trying to make too few missionaries fit into the many departments of work on each of the stations. Over and over again we shuffled the names; over and over again we "slept on the Board," and what a hard board it proved to be! There just wasn't any way to take care of the work on all of the stations with the number of missionaries at our disposal. The Armstrongs are overdue for furlough; to take some one from our ranks to be Mission Secretary might spell disaster for the station which was called upon to make the sacrifice. This present day Africa "in ferment," as the secular press so loudly proclaims, sorely needs the gospel of Jesus Christ to help it find stability; the time may be shorter than we think in which to win them to Christ; how dare we take a missionary, vitally needed on the stations, to replace the Mission Secretary?

For more than a year the Harry Browns have been adding the work of the Treasury department to their full-time teaching job, each day hoping that the Board would soon be sending a Mission Treasurer. But no Mission Treasurer has been forthcoming. How could we possibly take someone from our ranks to fill that position! Over and over we went through the list of evangelists, the list of teachers, the list of doctors and nurses but each time the score came out the same, not enough for each station to have one of each. We prayed over the matter individually and in secret, we prayed in small groups; we prayed as a conference, one day right through the dinner hour. It wasn't possible to meet the situation if the folk due for furlough left us. So the Ericksons, whose plans for retirement were all made, agreed to stay on for another year; the Halls offered to extend their term; Eva Shepard, who had so eagerly looked forward to seeing her aged mother, offered to prolong her term until Miss Luckey could come to Boko; Doris Wiseman offered to stay out an extra year, but we were able to manage without separating the twins; the Harry Browns offered to assume the duties of both Mission Secretary and Mission Treasurer so that the Armstrongs might be released for their overdue furlough by the end of the year. And so we "voted the Board," accepting the sacrifices because we believed that the Lord had directed us to this solution of what seemed an insoluble problem.

The Administration committee also dealt with the revision

of the Constitution of the Congo Conference; many minor changes were needed, but one major change which brought joy to our hearts was the inclusion of our African workers as full-fledged members of the conference.

An Orientation Manual was another task that could be entered upon with joy because the need for such a manual was brought about by the appointment of this gratifying number of new missionaries.

There is small doubt but that all of these tasks seemed just a little easier to us because our eyes turned again and again to the list of young folk who would be joining our ranks and who, before long, will be taking over the tasks which some of us are due soon to lay down.

---

*Gentle Mary laid her Child*
*Lowly in a manger;*
*There He lay, the undefiled,*
*To the world a Stranger.*
*Such a Babe in such a place,*
*Can He be the Saviour?*
*Ask the saved of all the race*
*Who have found His favour.*

*Angels sang about His birth,*
*Wise men sought and found Him;*
*Heaven's star shone brightly forth*
*Glory all around Him.*
*Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,*
*Heard the angels singing;*
*All the plains were lit that night,*
*All the hills were ringing.*

*Gentle Mary laid her Child*
*Lowly in a manger;*
*He is still the undefiled,*
*But no more a Stranger.*
*Son of God of humble birth,*
*Beautiful the story;*
*Praise His Name in all the earth,*
*Hail ! the King of Glory !*

— JOSEPH SIMPSON COOK

# *THE CHRISTMAS STORY*

JEANNETTE TUTTLE

ELAI Tulanda was sitting in the doorway of his little brick home. On his knee he was holding his little three year old daughter who had been waiting for this hour when her daddy would come home, take her on his lap, and tell her a folklore story. Maybe tonight he would tell about the toad and the lizard — she really thought that she liked that one best of all though there were many to choose from. The one about the crocodile was good, or the one about the elephant, or ..... well, she'd just let Daddy choose one tonight.

But why was Daddy so quiet? His thoughts seemed so far away as they sat together on the doorstep facing the brillant tropical sunset. And indeed, though he was not unaware of the little girl on his knee, Daddy Tulanda's thoughts were many as he reflected on the day's work at the hospital, on the various people who had come within the circle of his care; and then, his thoughts turned as usual to Christ who came to this earth so many years ago and who ministered so untiringly to many people. What a wonderful Savior! Soon all the Christians in all the world will be celebrating His birthday. Why was it that so many of His friends continued to reject Him? Was the fetish worship so strong that the fear of losing all contact with it too great to take the first step of faith in Christ as Savior? From personal experience he knew so little about fetish worship, he had never worshiped fetishes, he didn't even know what trees the witch doctors used when they boiled their various kinds of medicines. He had been brought up in a christian home, his father was a teacher and pastor; and while yet a young boy, Mr. Moon and Dr. Mabie had seen something in him that the Savior might be able to use. Little by little, at first, they taught him the things that he might be able to do to help his own people. Would they ever know how thankful he was to them for showing him the true way of happiness, that of serving in Christ's name? Sometimes, like tonight, he was tired, but he was happy too.

This morning the bell had rung all too soon calling everyone

to work. It seemed he had only just fallen asleep, because last night just as he was ready to go to bed a call came to prepare for an emergency operation on a woman who was very ill. Since he was in charge of the operating room, the responsibility of the preparation fell upon him. The students were good, and they tried to do everything right, but nevertheless the responsibility was his. After the operation was over and the students had all gone home, he had stayed on a bit to visit with the husband because he had seemed so all alone. Yes, and he was glad that he had for it had given him a chance to talk with him about Christ. Last night the husband wasn't quite ready to accept Jesus Christ, but he would talk with him again and when his wife was better he would talk with her too. Wouldn't it be wonderful if they both would accept Christ while still here in the hospital?

Today so many things had happened, some of them ordinary things, some of them unusual. It had been regular surgery day. Wouldn't it be strange to work in an operating room where the doctors didn't pray? He was glad that his doctors prayed. He must remember tomorrow to visit that patient who this morning had given a testimony before her operation. Even though in great pain she had turned to her mother, who had come in to watch the operation and who was looking very worried, "Don't worry, Mother. God has always taken care of us." But what about that other patient who is so near death? He had just learned that she was not a christian. Oh, dear Jesus, if it can be Thy will, do let her get well so she can hear Thy great plan of Salvation. Perhaps his wife would go with him to visit all of these patients. Not all Congo men were so fortunate to have such a good christian wife. Even now he could smell the delicious food that was being cooked for their supper, she was always trying to make something that he especially liked.

"Daddy, Daddy, aren't you going to teil me a story? It will soon be supper time." And Daddy Tulanda looked down very tenderly at the little girl, "Yes, dear, tonight I'm going to tell you again the best story there is, the story of one night long ago when the Christ child was born.....". "Thank you, Daddy. I like this story best of all because I know that it is true. I hope I can grow up to tell other people about Jesus."

# *OOOH! MY TOOTHBRUSH!*

EMILY L. KEYES

DAWN was just breaking as we crossed the Kwilu river in the canoe that Monday morning. Nine of our huskiest schoolboys had come to my house at 5 A.M. to carry the trunks, sacks and boxes that held clothes, food, pots, dishes, stove, bed, bedding, typewriter, drinking water and all that would be needed for a five-day itinerary. All, that is, excepting my toothbrush, which I remembered at 5:35 A.M. when we were in the middle of the Kwilu. I didn't have nerve enough to ask the boatman to head back for the Vanga shore although I knew that there were no drugstores at Pukulu, Sala nor at Dula where I was to observe student teachers from our teacher-training class in their first off-campus teaching. I convinced myself that I had always wanted to try the African toothbrush (made from a stick the diameter of a pencil) so I said nothing then and later had my cook find me the appropriate kind of twig, (I mean brush).

We hiked for half an hour on a path slightly more "typically African" than anything I had seen in more than a year in Congo, but still there were no snakes, elephants, monkeys, nor strange faces peering from behind bushes. When we reached the auto road, Chet Jump was waiting in the Chevy carry-all, ready to take my cook, my trunks and myself to Pukulu, where three of our students were beginning classes. I spent the morning observing them, while Chet checked on the regular teachers, books, school gardens and buildings. At noon we hurried off to Sala where we had lunch, unloaded my trunks and repacked the car with Chet's road equipment, as he was just finishing his week's itinerary and was heading back to Vanga. After the last of the "welcoming committee" had come and gone, I stretched out on my campcot for my Monday afternoon siesta.

I enjoyed my two days at Sala. The four student teachers were doing a grand job, full of pep and showing that they really had learned something in our "Methods" classes. I looked ahead to next year when this class of about 50 will be spread among our Vanga schools, strengthening our work with their training and con-

secration. They will be the ones who will be reaching the young lives in the crowded classrooms with the story of One who came that they might have Life. These teachers will be doing the missionary work that we are too few to do ourselves. But they, will be too few, as we need ten times their number — but we lack facilities to train that many, so far.

Wednesday noon, after lunch, all was packed to move on again. This time we "hitched" a ride with a commercial truck carrying corn and peanuts, traveling the Sala-Dula road. At Dula, we found that one essential had been left at Sala — my bed. We didn't talk about whose fault it was, but blamed it on the rush we were in at the moment of departure. We sent word to the pastor at Sala, asking if he could send it along by the next truck that came our way. In the meantime, Tata Maleme, the Dula pastor, got out a spare bedstead from his house, scrubbed it until it shone and put it in the sun to dry. At dusk, my bed hadn't yet appeared, so the helpful Dula teachers and students made me a bed like theirs. On top of the slats went a mat of brand-new palm-frond midribs, tied together. Over that went a woven mat. I was glad I DID have my bedding and mosquito net. I slept well, though it wasn't 100% as soft as a featherbed.

Chet had arranged to stop for me at Dula on Friday after lunch, so at 12:30 we packed all trunks and boxes and took apart the campcot (which had arrived) — and waited. We continued to wait. Five o'clock came, but Tata Jump didn't. My cook came, wanted to know what to do about supper. I knew that when Chet came, he would be in a hurry to get on to Vanga, so I had eggs boiled, sandwiches made and coffee put in the thermos—for eating on the road. Six-thirty came—and went. We were waiting. Mukebwanga, my cook, was sure that Tata was not coming, so, against my protests, he unpacked and set up my bed, having trouble doing it, as it was dark and the kerosene lanterns didn't shine in the right place. I continued reading, until hunger set in, when I pulled out the sandwiches and coffee. I finally decided I might as well go to bed, half- listening all night long for the sound of the Vanga evangelistic carry-all.

Saturday came and went with two packings and two unpackings of all the trunks along with the draining and refilling of the

thermos. I was thankful for the thought that had made me put extra cans of food in the chop-box the week before, for now I had plenty of food, even though the bread was running a bit low. I was more concerned about the Jumps, as Chet had also planned to go to Kikwit with Karen and Margaret, who was going to an intermission conference at Kimpese. I was afraid that they had had trouble on the road or else that one of them was sick.

Finally, the third day of waiting, a messenger came on bicycle, with a note saying that there had been a slight accident on the way to Kikwit — and that the carry-all was the only casualty, having lost a rear wheel. And, as the Osterholms were in Moanza on a surgical visit, there was no other car to come for me.

The church people of Dula proved their helpfulness and resourcefulness once more, making a *kipoy* for me from a wicker chair firmly fastened to strong poles so that it could be carried by four or six strong men without too much difficulty. A sheet fastened to a framework served as an awning protecting me from the sun — and also serving to make me feel like an Oriental princess riding in a covered sedan chair.

We left Dula about 10:30 that morning. Youngsters ran along thé side carrying my lanterns, flashlight, water canteens, typewriter and a pillowcase full of the most essential things I had with me. The rest of the things could be picked up later, as there weren't enough people to carry all the heavy things. Sometimes I'd get out and walk too, but usually I was urged to ride again, as I couldn't walk as fast as the men could carry me! When we came to a different village, new carriers would join us, and the earlier ones would go home again. It was quite a trip; the carriers and the women and children running along beside would all be singing and shouting, having a wonderful time. Several times I thought of how a stranger might feel under similar circumstances, with strange people making all kinds of noise in a strange language, travelling over strange roads, being forced to trust these strangers — as there was no other way to get to the destination — with no locks on any possessions. But, I couldn't talk myself into fear, as I couldn't help trusting these folks. I KNEW they were taking the right roads to take me back to Vanga safely. I KNEW that all my belongings would be intact at the end of the

journey — though sometimes for miles and miles at a time the crowd carrying the various articles would either be ahead or behind— and out of sight. At the end of the trail all was accounted for, though my typewriter case *did* have a round dent in it — where it was carried by various heads for ten hours.

In some ways it was an uncomfortable trip. Most of the physical discomfort came the next few days, when I was as sore as if I had been picking potatoes all day long for a week. But there were other discomforts. It wasn't easy to sit in the chair and watch the perspiration roll out on the neck of the carrier in front, and to hear the panting of the one behind me. I was glad that, except in emergencies, we have automobiles for our itineraries. I was glad too that the *kipoy* had been the idea of the church members of Dula — and not my idea. I was somewhat reassured when I could see the glow in their eyes — knowing that they were glad to help me, even though it was hard work.

When we passed through the villages and the whole population came out to greet me, to smile and to sing, I was a little troubled too. I knew that, due to staff shortage, I was the first missionary to have been in the village in the past five years or so. The evangelistic missionary, in trying to keep pace with the large number of converts waiting to be examined for baptism, cannot find time to visit the 400 villages. He can only concentrate on our 30 centralized church-posts, and leave the rest of the work to the pastor and to the village teacher-catechist. What they cannot do is left undone. I was uncomfortable as I, too, did not have time to stop, as the carriers were anxious to reach Vanga that night. But, as we passed, I breathed a prayer that workers would be provided, and that, until then — the village catechist would truly receive divine strength and guidance to win more lives to Christ.

Then, it was a bit uncomfortable to receive the over-abundance of honor that was bestowed upon me as we went through each village. Usually the carriers did not stop for anything—hardly stopping even to change positions, while the people stood along the road clapping their greetings. One exception was made at one village where a grey-bearded, footless man hobbled out on his crutches to shake my hand and to sternly counsel the carriers to "Go carefully with the 'daughter of God' ". My heart couldn't

accept such words, knowing how I daily fail to live as a true daughter of God, knowing how I am impatient, careless, failing to let the Love of Christ shine through my words and actions. Then I realized that they weren't praising Emily Keyes, as very likely none of them had ever seen me before, but that they were witnessing to the power of God to use even earthen vessels to carry His treasure, that they were glad in their hearts because God had spoken to mine, saying "Follow Me" — and because of that, I was bringing the story of His Son to the people in Congo. Then I, too, could be glad for the joy in their hearts and for the missionaries who had come before to tell them and their fathers of the Way of Life. But there are still more who do not know of it.

Before the end of the journey, the moon came up, turning the sandy road into a shining river and patching trees and roofs with silver. Word was sent ahead preparing the Vanga boatman for our arrival, so that when we reached the Kwilu, all was in readiness for our crossing. It is seldom that we go canoeing by moonlight, and I doubt if the river was ever prettier than it was that night. It was a beautiful setting for the close of my first itinerary. I doubt if I'll ever have another like it — as usually there are four wheels on the Vanga cars — and I'll try harder in the future to see that I have my toothbrush and bed with me wherever I go. But it was fun, challenging and inspiring and I enjoyed it!

## *Praise and Prayer*

1. We *praise* God for all the new missionaries just arrived or on their way to Congo. Two years ago several people began praying for twenty new missionaries. In the July CONGO NEWS LETTER under New Recruits, there are actually twenty names, although there was an error in the editor's count! Join with us in praise and thanksgiving for this answer to prayer.
2. We give *praise* also for the Congolese delegates to the Conference; their devotion to the Lord's work; (see article p. 6.) and others like them among our church leaders.
3. The forward step taken by the Congo women and girls, deserves *praise*, (see article p. 9)
4. The Inauguration of I.M.E. and growth in medical work, is a reason for more *praise* (see articles p. 11 and 14)
5. We give *praise* also for the growth of our schools, indicating a real interest and desire to learn. (see article p. 16)

1. *Pray* for the other 19 new missionaries, then more, so that the work may advance. (see article p. 19 and staff needs p. 30)
2. *Pray* for more Congo leaders, a deepening of devotion and filling of the Holy Spirit, that they may be pillars in their church.
3. *Pray* that Congo Christian women and girls learn to take their proper place in Christian homes.
4. *Pray* for the Church of Christ in Congo:—
   Urban centers, villages, hospitals, schools;
   That Christ may be lifted up—proclaimed as Saviour;
   That people may turn to Him for cleansing and salvation.
5. *Pray* that the American Baptist Convention churches assume their share of responsibility—
   By sending young people; by giving materially;
   By prayer and by keeping in touch with the missionaries.

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IN BELGIUM — new appointees, studying French for one year:
Miss Esther Greenmun, R.N.
Miss Margot Hakes
Mr. and Mrs. Murray F. Sharp
Mr. and Mrs. C. Gerald Weaver
(4 months only)

Returning from furlough, three months refresher course:
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Metzger

IN U. S. — completing preparations for service in Congo:
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clark
Dr. and Mrs. Donald L. Martin
Miss Rhoda Nielson, R.N.

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## IMMEDIATE STAFF NEEDS (in order of priority)

| WOMEN'S BOARD | GENERAL BOARD |
|---|---|
| 1. 2 nurses | 1. Office worker |
| 2. 2 educationalists | 2. 2 educational families |
| 3. 1 evangelistic worker | 3. Agricultural educationalist |
| | 4. 2 evangelistic families |
| | 5. 1 doctor |
| | 6. 1 dentist |

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## COMPLETE LIST OF STAFF NEEDS

| WOMEN'S BOARD | GENERAL BOARD |
|---|---|
| 1. 7 nurses | 1. 5 evangelistic families |
| 2. 1 doctor | 2. 13 educationalist families |
| 3. 9 educationalists | 3. 2 doctors |
| 4. 6 evangelists | 4. 1 agricultural educationalist |

To serve the whole mission:

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 builders | 1 office worker |
| 1 mission secretary | 1 dentist |

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*See page 30 for Directory Supplement.*